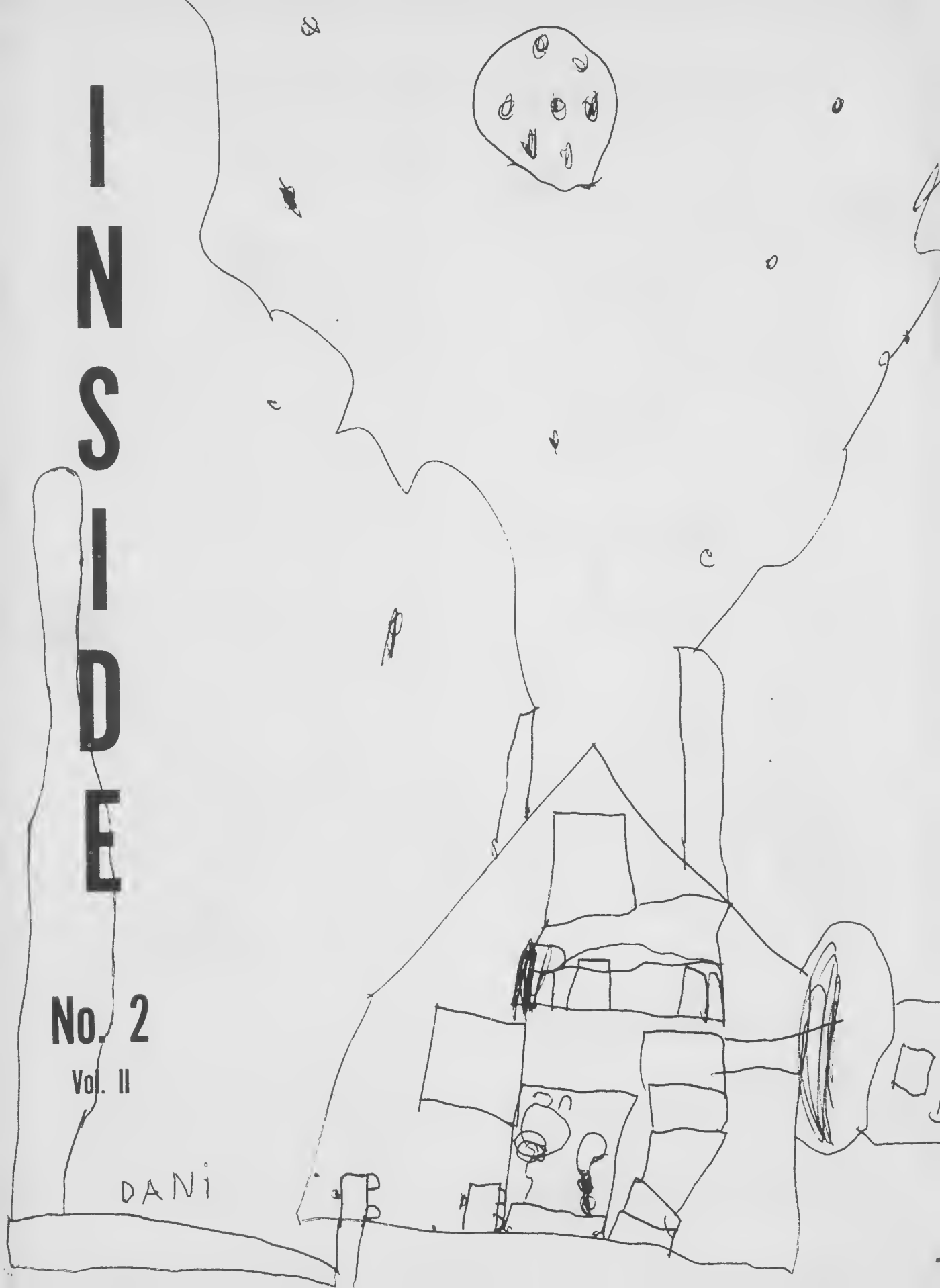


INSIDE

No. 2

Vol. II

DANI



A Publication of the Gateway,
Newspaper of the Students' Union,
University of Alberta, Edmonton.

EDITOR: Patricia Hughes

Associate Editor: John Thompson

Layout: Marcia Reed

Graphics: George Stands-Alone
Jenson and Celia
W. Silas Salter
Anon.

Cover This Issue: Danielle

Photo on Page 6: George Yakulic

No. 2

Vol. II



What's Inside

AN IMMODEST PROPOSAL Page 2
Johnny 'Slow' (Foot-in-the-Mouth) pulls a stock
swiftie.

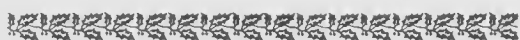
**U OF A: FREE UNIVERSITY OR
MULTIVERSITY?** Page 7
A duophantasy by Peter (the Rack) Boothroyd.

**A MERRY THOMPSON-AND-SALTER
CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL** Page 8

SOME WILL NEVER QUIT Page 13
A short story by Ron Fenerty.

POETRY Pages 5, 11, 14, 15
By Lilia Chemolli, Marshall Laub, John Thamp-
son and Elan Galper.

INSIDE OUT Page 16



Inside Tip

Wanted: One fool to speak for the Edmonton
Campus, U. of A. He may be any sort of fool he
chooses to be. We need his wisdom.



An Immodest Proposal

By Johnny Slow (Foot-in-the-mouth)

We in Alberta are concerned about our Indians. I don't object to my fellow man's noble interest, but for me concern is not enough! I have a solution to the problems that face the Alberta Indian—perpetual servitude. Before you, Gentle Reader, reject my solution as being "old fashioned", consider the many advantages to Indian and Albertan alike that would be gained by placing the Indian population in perpetual servitude and **SELLING** him to the United States residents.

The economic advantages are obvious. U.S. tourists who have so frequently enjoyed Banff's **Indian Days**, would at last be able to return home with a truly valuable souvenir — a genuine **Canadian Indian Perpetual Server** or **CIPS**.

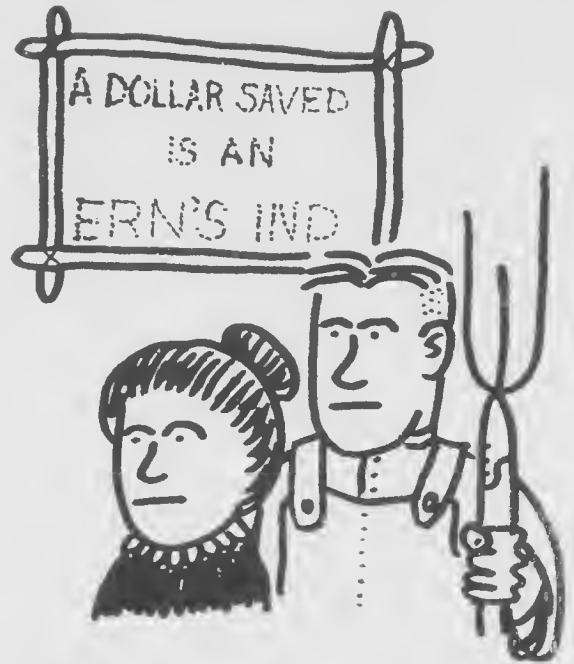
The cost per Indian would be reasonable (up to \$300). Granted, profits in the beginning would be small. However, under the brilliant management of the Social Credit Government, I predict that Alberta's Indians would soon be commanding the very highest prices. In fact, I see the Alberta Indian eventually solving Canada's unfavorable balance of payment problem.

Former Indian Reservations would be put to good use. A **Garden-of-Eden Rest Home** for the purpose of renewing tired Alberta politicians would be erected in the Southern Alberta Indian Reserves. (Mild, soothing climate, you know.) The Northern Reserves would make simply marvelous Indian breeding grounds. (Harsh climates' produce hardy

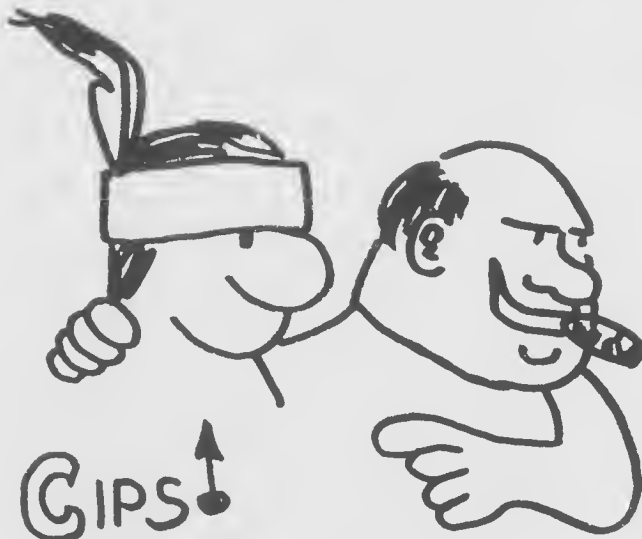
strains.) Too, the Department of Indian Affairs would have a purpose in life. With its new slogan, "Alberta Indians are ymm ymm ymm good—the best in the West", this department could at last concentrate on its proper concern: the affairs of Indians.

And what a marvelous opportunity to see Social Credit economic theory in practice! Just as Interprovincial Pipeline stocks were made available to the people of fair Alberta, choice Indian Stocks will eventually filter down to the Alberta Investor.

Best of all, Social Credit could develop its own currency!! Premier J. C. Mousing would back Alberta's currency with Indians instead of gold. The **IND**, as it would surely come to be called, would spread throughout Canada, and no doubt eventually replace the American dollar on the International Money Market. This



Typical
Albertans.



GIPS

Typical
American Tourist
(TAT)



TAT'S
Typical
Neighbors

would give the glorious Social Credit Regime (the first Right) the power It needs to show evil-minded radicals the truth, the truth, the truth!!!!

What would persuade our peace loving neighbors to the South to purchase a Canadian Indian Perpetual Server? Why, status, of course. Our typical American tourist upon returning to his typical American home town could say in his typical American twang to his typical American neighbor, "Ha, ha! I brought something better back from Canada than you did. No phony Ookpik for me. I have a real honest-to-God CIPS. Hop out CIPS and show the man!" As the Indian hops out, and for reasons of authenticity says, "Ugh", our typical American tourist's neighbor collapses in the typical American shrubbery in a typical American state of shock.

A loss in status will do it every time.

Soon our neighbor will have acquired his own CIPS and will be leaping over the shrubbery to tell our tourists "I have a better CIPS than you have".

CIPSES would be handy for the average American. Only a CIPS would enjoy staggering out on a minus forty degree morning to turn on the car heater. (or on a plus one hundred and twenty degree afternoon to turn on the car air-conditioning). Car stuck? No problem if you keep a CIPS in your trunk. Just toss a few under a back wheel and "presto", you are unstuck! On cold but romantic evenings, what more cheery remark would there be than "It's getting cold in here dear. Let's throw another Indian on the fire."

How will the CIPS help the world? Why, by **keeping the world from war!** Armaments manufacturers would have no time to instigate international crises, but would be kept busy sup-

plying atomic cannons, nerve gas, helicopters and machine guns to every loyal red-blooded American. After all, a runaway CIPS (if this ever develops) would have to be guided back to the true principles of democracy and humanity.

Would there be a problem of maintaining the proper attitude of servitude within the CIPS? Certainly not, if the CIPS is made fully aware of the great service he is offering his great Fatherland! (i.e. Alberta, Home of the Free.) Possibly it could be made illegal for a CIPS to drink, to vote, or to receive more education than would be necessary for him to say "ugh" and sign an X. This would surely produce the ideal mental condition for a Perpetual Server!

Would a cheap Japanese CIPS be developed? Probably yes, but there would be a good way of combatting imitations. Brand "**genuine CIPS**" on every Indian's forehead and "**made in Canada**" on every Indian's **derriere**. This "brand name" would be a guarantee of quality. Americans, always quality conscious, would accept no imitations.

What of the Individual CIPS, how would he be benefited? Why, the CIPS would "feel needed"! Under servitude the CIPS would be able to develop a culture, his own unique culture, complete with servitude songs and all. But, most important of all, the CIPS would be able to develop what we in this modern alienated age require so much, a Purpose In Life. The Indian would be proud to serve his Fatherland, his beloved province. His guiding star would be the knowledge that he has brought thousands of **INDs** to his beloved Social Credit administration. He, more than any of us, would realize that "you must not ask what Social Credit can do for you, but only what you can do for Social Credit."

THE TEMPLE

By Lilia Chemolli

Like solitary driftwood on a lonely beach
 under the lemon clouds, stand the granite columns
 that once were the limbs of a sanctuary
Like toy blocks the stones are piled one on top of the other
 and in some places someone's playful hand has knocked
 them over and there they stay amid the sparse shrubs
Like shattering drops of dew against the morning haze
 the stained glass windows intensify the starkness
 of the ruins against the horizon
And a few frisky birds welcome the day as they chirp
 in and around their abode and *they* know that a temple
 is never really a temple until it is ruined
 and part of the winds and the weeds

THE DAWNING SUN TO EVERY SPRING

By Marshall Laub

The carnivores are waiting in the abattoirs
though I have offered flowers to the sun
and all that's done's undone
Wrinkled petals of the stars lope across oscilloscopes
waiting to wake the fire in the rocks
and I melt my hope

God I have raised from Christ to atomies to ice:
while steel compounds speak of strain and stress
I listen in, chuckling
and electrons sing of coming artificial spring
on earth that will be when man is gone

The tulip heads are strange this year
with eyes of fear and stems so slim
I'm not certain that they're there
or only memories of youth-time spring
And ages past now lash into my sleep
as if to enter each man's secret inner world
to find sufficient utter solitude
for strangeness to be real
and God to be the dawning sun to every spring



U of A

Free University or Multiversity?

The following article presents us with some thoughts. They could be considered truly fantastic, or fantastically true. Mr. Boothroyd, the visionary in question, is a graduate student in Sociology.

—THE EDITOR

By Peter Boothroyd

Canadian universities are faced with pressing problems. Understandably most attention has been paid to the question of how we are going to meet the demands for money and faculty that universities will be increasingly making. But it is not simply questions of quantity that should be concerning us at this time, but as well the more serious questions of the quality of the universities we are building. Every day it becomes more crucial that we think carefully about the kinds of structures—physical and organizational—we want to create. For the structures that we build today are going to determine the limits on our future choices.

It is commonplace to say that we are at the crossroads. We always have been and always will be at some crossroads. More significantly, we should recognize that this point in history marks the beginning of a great expansion in the educational activity of society, the extent of which only the cyberneticists and demographers can tell us.

A useful way to clarify the decisions we have to make today is to suggest two kinds of future: one, a vision of what university education could mean, what a true community of scholars could be like; the other, a projection of the way the system is presently growing. Our choices are clear when we compare a utopia (which will not come to pass but which will concretely express our values and hopes and will allow us to pick structures that will lead towards it) with a scenario that is a dramatized calculation of the results of the present trend.

The Free University

The Berkeley students' disenchantment with their university lay deeper than their demand for free speech. Significantly, the Free Speech Movement became the Free Student Union concerned with creating the Free University—"Free" because it would be devoted to creating free beings and a free society in the deepest sense of the word: "the spontaneous activity of the total, integrated personality," as Fromm puts it. A number of "free universities" have been created in the last year with varying degrees of success. Probably the most notable experiment is the Free University of New York where students and teachers passionately discuss "non-violent resistance", "the search for the authentic sexual experience", "Marxist approaches to avant-

garde art", and "anti-authoritarian anthropology". They "seek to develop the concepts necessary to comprehend the events of this century and the meaning of one's life within it, to examine artistic expression beyond the scope of the usual academy and to promote the social integrity and commitment from which scholars usually stand aloof." In Toronto, the student co-operative residences and the Students' Union for Peace Action are working from small beginnings to create a similar "Free University."

These experiments are, of course, facilitated because they are not bound by existing structures—indeed this is one of their very sources of freedom. But let us try to imagine this University transformed twenty years from now into a Free University.

* * * *

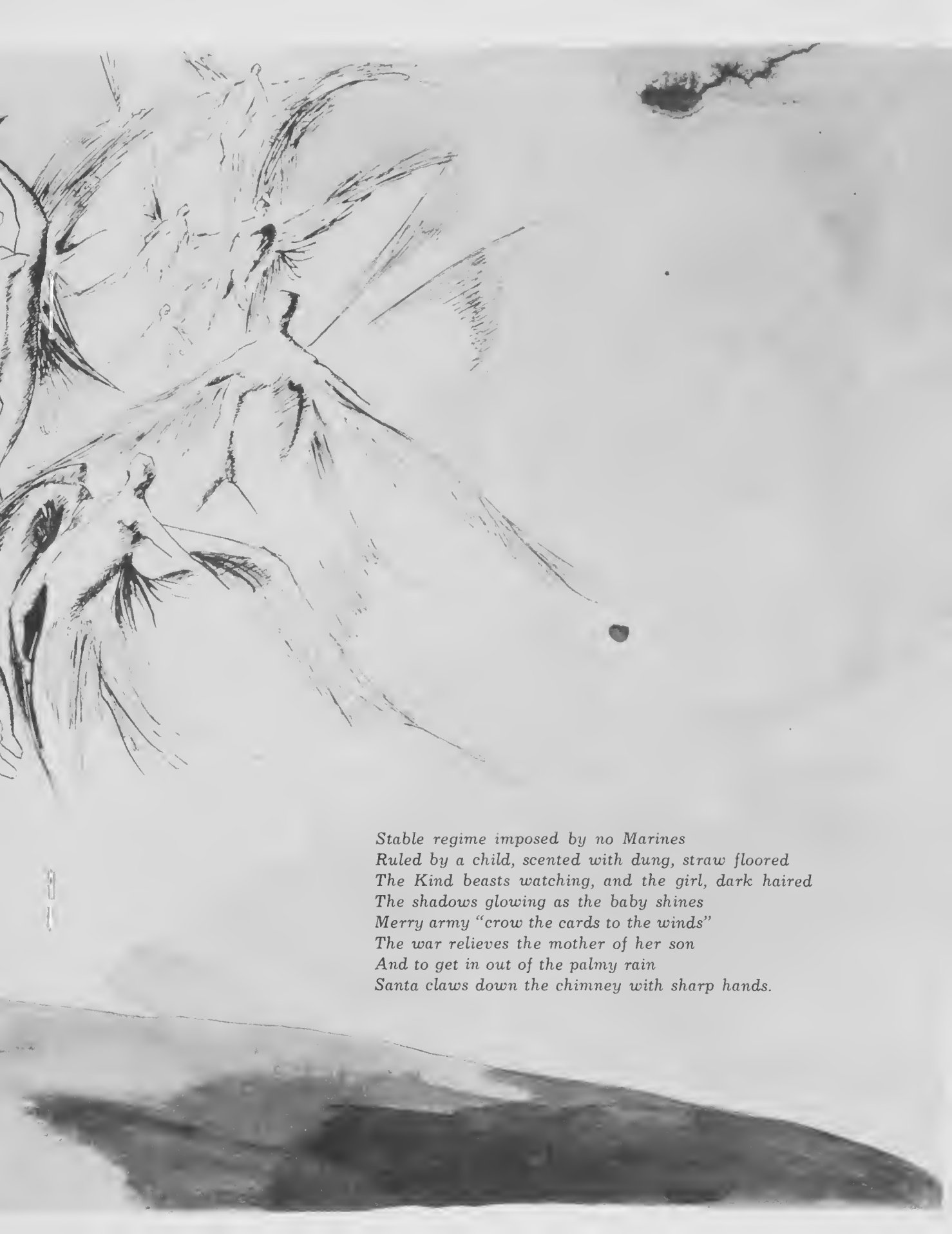
The year is 1985 and in Alberta there are more than 100,000 full-time university Students compared to the 15,000 that there were in 1965. Naturally, most of these Students have decided to come to Edmonton. Some are enrolled in professional courses, and as such require a specialized and technical training. But many more are in arts and science courses, particularly the younger Students, as many of these have agreed that before embarking on a professional career their time would be well spent developing a fuller awareness of themselves and their society. As doctors they will require more than a precise knowledge of physiology, anatomy, pathology, and even psychology. Preventive medicine and mental health, having become increasingly important fields, now require doctors sensitive to the nature of the societal pressures exerted on the individual and to the resistance of society to constructive change. Engineers have become aware that their jobs cannot be divorced from planning. Planning, it is recognized, requires not only an understanding of society's needs and trends but also of the democratic processes involved in healthy planning. Lawyers, having carved out a new role for themselves in the field of humanizing law, are searching for legal processes more suited to a society needing fewer rather than more laws. They are now concerned with understanding how laws affect the personality.

Thus many aspiring professionals have chosen to spend several years in arts and science courses before proceeding to the necessarily technical training of the professional courses. The older professional Students have in many cases found the lecture format helpful as an aid in memorizing data and it is to these faculties that many of the buildings used in 1965 by the whole university have been allotted.

Other Students (including both the older Students, differentiated as "faculty" in 1965 as a means of giving them middle-class status and the authority, prestige and wealth accompanying that status,

(please turn to page ten)





*Stable regime imposed by no Marines
Ruled by a child, scented with dung, straw floored
The Kind beasts watching, and the girl, dark haired
The shadows glowing as the baby shines
Merry army "crow the cards to the winds"
The war relieves the mother of her son
And to get in out of the palmy rain
Santa claws down the chimney with sharp hands.*

Multiversity (Cont.)

and the younger Students which were formerly graded on a status continuum through "undergraduate" years, then five or more graduate divisions) have not found the old buildings used in 1965 very useful. With a few exceptions (the occasional visiting student of repute) they found the old houses in the Garneau area much better suited of their needs. Here the intimate, informal atmosphere necessary for creative learning and deep thinking is available. It was a close fight. According to the prevalent concept of expansion in 1965, the old Administration had nearly razed these houses in order to make room for more of the steel and concrete cubic structures then in vogue. But the older and younger Students realized just in time that to allow the Administration's plans to be carried through in this area would in turn lead to further bureaucratization, depersonalization, and knowledge compartmentalization of the campus. They resisted vigorously.

Such action was rare in those days and it was marked throughout the world. For the Administration and the Board of Governors (the supreme body appointed by the State, strangely composed of businessmen and other prominent members of the community, but with no Students) considered it their right to make decisions of this kind unilaterally. The strange relationship obtained in the past whereby older Students were hired by these State appointees and younger Students admitted (and paid and stayed) at the discretion of these administrators and governors has, through this and other struggles, been changed. So that now these very able administrators carry out the decisions of All The Students in regard to the maintenance and development of the University.

And Garneau was saved with the houses in good repair being left alone, some other being rebuilt and the few structurally poor ones torn down and replaced by buildings serving specialized needs. The streets were closed off and some Students who were architects and engineers redesigned the area. They transformed the uninspiring gridiron pattern into an organically planned community of walkways, service routes, peripheral parking lots, fountains, old buildings and some new ones that belnded in very well. Compared to the estimated costs of demolishing the whole Garneau neighborhood and erecting massive new buildings, it was not an unreasonable venture—some building contractors disagree—though the upkeep has been a little higher. University planners and students around the world have been coming to Edmonton in recent years to study this new idea in university design. It is particularly intriguing since it was born in North America where most other universities have found themselves being inescapably channelled into the dreaded factories called multiversities with their attendant patterns of high-rise-and-sprawl.

Let us look inside some of these Garneau houses (and others on the South-side) to see what's happening. In what was once the living room of one of the older houses, there are about twenty people and a couple much older than the other eighteen-year-olds. The older man is speaking:

"Since you people have just finished high school we have been asked to work with you for the next few months. Unfortunately, the high school system in this province hasn't changed much for many years—although as you know, the "new dynamic education faculty" is now sending teachers into the schools who are anxious to effect some radical changes — but since the education system hasn't changed yet, you're going to find it a little strange around here at first.

People often don't like to be free, they prefer to have everything mapped out for them so they can do what they are told and can avoid having to develop their own values and their own direction. This is understandable given the nature of our schools, the anxieties of the age, the way that children are still brought up, and so on. But the role of the university is to help you create this freedom and enjoy it. Now, what do you want to do with this class?"

A strange scene indeed! How can all the Students together decide what to do with their class. After all they have no learning, they are not aware of the thinking great men have done before them, of the various disciplines men have adopted for themselves. (In the old days, in 1965, great departmental empires were built around these disciplines.) But remember this is not a professional training class. This is the beginning of the university time of life for the younger Students here. What we might expect to happen is that these Students will at first feel uneasy, then a more outspoken Student might suggest a problem that is concerning him—quite likely a sexual concern—and discussion will range around that matter. After a while, one of the older scholars may note that the group's discussion could be put in a clearer perspective if some of the Students read one of several relevant books—like Fromm's *The Art of Loving*, *Toward a Quaker View of Sex*, or a Freudian discussion of psychoanalysis, if the discussion is still on sex. Consequent discussion will lead to further questions and increasingly more disciplined investigation of specific problems. This class will decide after a while, that with the divergent interests becoming apparent in the group, each individual may gain more by seeking out other Students and more mature scholars with interests similar to his own in order to examine more thoroughly questions related to these interests—be these "Life in Mainland China Today", "The Search for an Authentic Sexual Experience", or, sooner or later courses in computing science, organic chemistry or differential calculus.

Authentic Sexual Experience?

This is a slow process but a satisfying and ultimately more fruitful one than the subject-matter approach to learning of the old 1965 University. The older Students, (former "faculty") also find the process more worthwhile. For the pressure has been taken off them to be theatrical entertainers appraised by the younger Students and sometimes even by the Administrators. More actual time is spent with the younger Students, but they also find themselves freer to do their own research; and some will even agree that they themselves learn a lot from these encounters.

Let us look into more houses in Garneau. In the basement of one, a large number of people of varying age are locked in a passionate debate on the merits of a certain plan of support for the Revolution in Brazil. Some are urging the shipping of arms to the revolutionaries; they have presented a well-researched paper on the values of supplying the makings of small-arms factories as opposed to supplying either cash or finished rifles, grenades, etc. While some are debating the merits of this paper, others are pleading for a follow-up to the non-violence experiment in the Malaysian revolution. Upstairs, a class of community organizers throw an occasional contemptuous glance toward the stairwell which funnels the din from the raging debate below. They are quietly comparing their experiences with local people from some of

"This is a Utopia . . . that will never come to pass . . ."

Alberta's (still) impoverished communities—Crow's-nest, downtown Calgary and a number of northern centres.

It's hard to believe that only a few years ago the Students of this house had been denied a part in the university by some of its members, strongly critical of their insistence on action in addition to discussion and research. And to-day there are still some Students claiming that people who act to change society are not being "objective" and therefore are harming the intellectual life of the university. The action-oriented Student's reply is, of course, that his values are explicit and demand an active responsibility, and that the non-actors only implicitly insert their values into their studying and research.

At the far end of the Garneau campus a number of the houses are being used as co-operative residences. Some are owned and kept by the owners of the houses in 1965, including a few fraternities. After a series of meetings between some of the Students and the residents in Garneau, it was found more convenient for all concerned for these people to keep their houses. In one, over the communal dinner, some of the newer members are listening, open-mouthed, as a few older Students swap stories about the life in Lister Hall—the old ten-story high residences where one tower was strictly for men, the other strictly for women, "with nightly activated fire alarms guarding the passage between the two buildings", they joked. They had been built, and in effect, run by that old Administration. With few desirable alternatives available, it was standard practice to send one's daughter there for at least her first year.

Since the new system became operative in the 70's there have been business men hired by the Students to help them develop co-operative residences and to keep the mammoth Lister Hall (long since converted into apartment units of varying size) running with a manageable deficit. However the youngest members of the university prefer to

live in the homes of the older scholars freely sharing in the social and intellectual life of these homes—a very important source of personal support in a very trying time of life.

This is a Utopia—a future that will never come to pass; because as the processes are created that will lead to that utopia and incorporate its values, our horizons of the possibilities for a university will widen. More and more choices will be available to us as we creatively and democratically deal with the problems of today in a way that reflects our primary value of a freeing education.

* * * *

The Multiversity

But it is conceivable that we should make early choices that will limit our future to the authoritarian and bureaucratic structures that we short-sightedly regard as more efficient in training technicians for a Great Society and training young people to adjust and conform to the structure of that Society. That is, we may still like to day-dream about Utopian U. but lethargically allow ourselves to drift into a physically, bureaucratically, and intellectually sprawling campus as we fight to only do well our allocated part in the life of the campus. Unfortunately, the roles allocated to the students and the faculty generally inhibit them from redirecting the growth of the university. They are departmentalized and compartmentalized, regarded as hired trainers or not-fully responsible trainees. The key decisions shaping the university's future are made by men possessing great business and administrative acumen but apparently without much sensitivity to the freeing potential of a university.

It is to the higher and higher development of this kind of system that the word Multiversity refers.

The word was first coined by Clark Kerr, president of the University of California (and therefore of the Berkeley Campus) in an address at Harvard

(Please turn over)

THAT BRIGHT NEUROTIC TENTH OF THEM

who make themselves visible

(Time, 19/3/64), the spotlight dancers

who spin with purpose, in organized motion
—would I were among them

marching, say, sturdily along

U.S. Highway 80 in a snowstorm

of hate-leaflets "dropped from a light plane",
noticing nothing.

But I must stay in my room,
in the fluorescent shadows, for
one must man one's private barricades,
must one not? The dogs

are my own dogs, and how they bite!

And how my head aches when I beat it!

And the moonlight is bright I march in.

The bushes transform the first to shadowy

patches of darkness and light,

nigger and sheriffs cavorting in

the moonlight that seems almost to dance, it's
that bright.

By John Thompson

*"... We can at any time re-direct our growth from
Kafkaesque terror ..."*

in 1963. He used it to describe the model American university of the future. "The university is being called upon . . . to respond to the expanding claim of national service; to merge its activity with industry as never before." Ironically, the word is now established as a best expression of the horror attending the direction today's universities are taking.

Let us extrapolate some of the present trends in this university and see if they are in fact leading toward a Multiversity rather than a Free University. The campus is limited to an enrollment of 18,000 we are told. Let us be realistic. Ten years from now Alberta should have almost 40,000 students according to the Bladen report. At that rate of growth for 10 more years, Alberta would have more than 100,000 students in 1985. Can we really expect the major campus to have less than a fifth of these students? Past experience in placing limits on enrollment would suggest it is a doubtful prospect.

The present concept of expansion is to spread over the prairies until you come to the edge of the grass then tear down the houses standing in your way—preferably the big old ones, of course; let the bungalow subdivisions stay for a while.

The North Garneau area scheduled for "development" over the next few years contains 39 acres. The present campus (of 162 acres) has available 35 more acres for development (including the sites of present buildings soon to be razed.) It was estimated in 1962 that the university would need 100–115 acres above the acreage of the present campus to hold the 18,000 students expected by 1982. This means that almost as much land again as the North Garneau development area would have to be found, even if the obviously conservative limit on enrollment of 18,000 students were to apply. It is not surprising that a satellite campus is being planned for another (presumably built up) part of the city. Beware the mighty bulldozer!

The 1962 Plan (for 1982) called for two more residence units identical to the three-towered Lister complex. These would hold in total, 5400 students. For married students, 200 two-bedroom units are to be built on the university farm immediately, with four times that number being planned for. Probably we will realize several years from now, that row houses three miles away were built to just about replace the amount of beautiful residential space lost in North Garneau next door to the University. These are some of the expansion plans for the accommodation of a mere 8,000 more students. What monsters will be created to accommodate four, five or six times that many students (not to mention faculty) in this city over the next twenty years?

So much for physical expansion. More important, we should be noticing that classes aren't getting any smaller—despite the fact that there have been complaints for decades about lecture size. We should be noticing that the separation between the older scholars and the younger students is growing yearly—for instance, the Head of the Sociology Department is not listed as teaching any undergraduate courses this year. We should be noticing that there is no abatement in the trend toward "objective" examinations—"objective", in the sense that the marker does not have to worry about evaluating the examination from his own position or

about offering constructive comments; not objective in the sense that they indicate "objectively" the ability of a person to analyze or to be creative. We should be noticing that students are not being encouraged to reflect on their own curriculum of study—how many hundreds of students take identical Soc 202's, Psych 202's, English 202's?

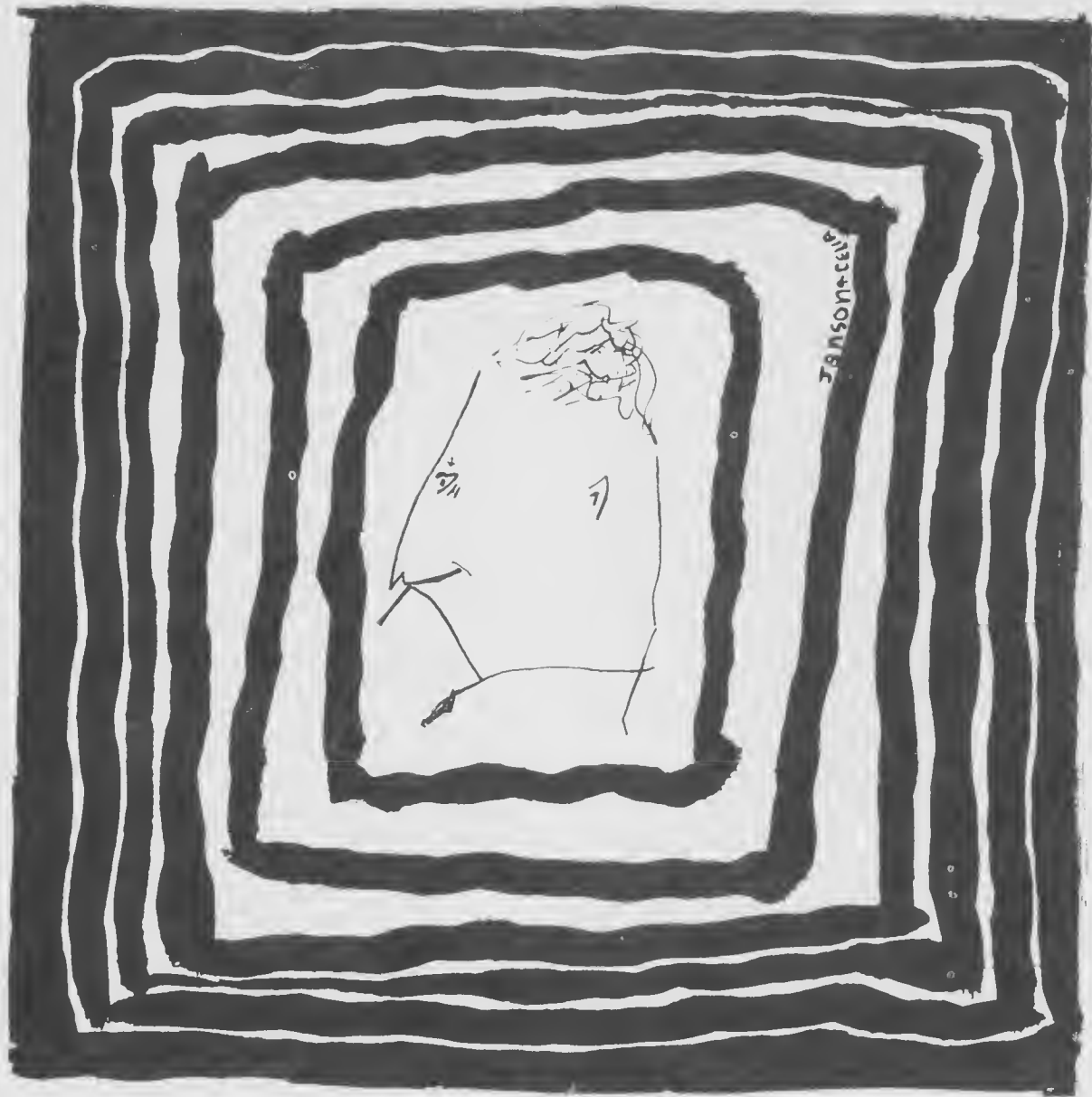
Project these trends and picture classes of thousands, all reading chapter by chapter the very latest American text book for their course. Taught over TV by an uninspired professor caught up in his own narrow research which he is required to do to maintain his position during on Information Revolution and to maintain his upward mobility in Middle-class Academia. Picture those students who very ably regurgitate the text-book's ordering of ideas (as a professor has taught them to), being "grabbed up" by competing departments as the great inter-departmental colonial wars gain momentum. Picture not only stratified faculty clubs, graduate student centres, and student union buildings but more: special full-professor resorts, associate professor washrooms, Ph.D.-candidates-only coffee rooms and residences for Master candidates (not to mention special faculties for the various new graduate rankings beyond the Ph.D. and in between the Ph.D. and M.A., like the University of Toronto's M.Phil.). The undergraduates, we presume will have long since built a 30-million-dollar Student Union Building with movie theatres, TV rooms, hair-dressing salons and, to keep up the collegiate spirit, a 24-beer parlor with 3,000 chairs! Classes and castes will multiply each with their special privileges and protective associations. And no one will complain for those on top will need the time and seclusion for their work, and those below will Aspire to the Top!

And if all that doesn't impress you, picture a battery of men, the counselling service, helping thousands of students "get realistic" and adjust to the system. And see piled high the briefs and reports by counselors demanding more money and more staff to meet the current crisis of mental illness, with an occasional soulful counsellor wondering if he isn't to become very sick himself helplessly watching the sources of the students' despair so evidently growing.

For this might be a Great Multiversity with the largest cafeterias (accordingly graded) and the tallest residence buildings (appropriately strictly segregated) and the most graduate students (sufficiently narrow) and the most published professors (sufficiently esoteric) and the largest campus (inorganically planned) and the biggest bureaucracy of them all! We'll have to try harder to beat Saskatchewan and Manitoba and most of all U.B.C., but with proper spirit we can do it!

This is not too outlandish a prediction. Check the progress of our universities over the last few decades. However, there is hope, for this future is not inevitable. We can at any time re-direct our growth from the Kafkaesque terror of the Multiversity and start creating the exciting new forms that will make a Free University possible. We can start any time, but the longer we wait, the harder it will be.

Editor's Note: "Is their Berkeley worse than their bite???"



Some will never quit by ron fenerty

Cassidy crammed three more sticks of gum into his mouth, rolled them to join the others under his grinding molars, and leaned back in his seat with a small, tentative smile of triumph at the corners of his mouth. He was going to make it; he was going to see this show right through to "THE END".

But wait! On the huge, glowing screen overhead, James Bond was smiling archly over the wine and the flickering candles at the gorgeous spy who had invited him to dinner; and now, he was reaching for an inside pocket; Cassidy's jaws froze in apprehension. Please, let it be a gun! Bond's hand flashed into view,

holding—**A STERLING SILVER CIGARETTE CASE AND LIGHTER!!**

Cassidy tensed, eyes rivetted on the screen in horror; Bond placed a custom-rolled cigarette in the side of his mouth, and deftly flicked the lighter into life. Cassidy felt the gum turn to lead between his teeth, his hands began to twitch and he clamped them to the arms of his seat in desperation; his eyes started to water as Bond touched the flame to the end of his cigarette. Of its own volition, Cassidy's hand plunged to his jacket pocket, his trembling fingers automatically plucked out a full twenty-five pack and a folder of matches.

With a whisper of satin, an usherette materialized at his side—"No smoking sir, fire regulations." Cassidy shot her an anguished protesting look, but the girl had stepped back into the shadows again. He whirled to face the screen; it was unfair—Bond, with obvious pleasure, was savoring a hearty lungful of delicious smoke. It was cruel, the way he carelessly, casually, languidly, exhaled!

It was unendurable!!!

He panicked, he sprang down the aisle, and burst forth into the lobby as the theatre exploded with the din of silenced bullets and judo chops. Feverishly, Cassidy lit up, and peace and sanity returned.

On the street below, it was three in the morning; the light at the corner winked to green, and a solitary car hissed off down the avenue. But under the blankets of Cassidy's bed, it was the dawn of Judgment Day. Beside the Great Throne, his shimmering wings folded, his robes flowing in majesty from his thin shoulders, the Surgeon General was intoning, with the cavernous voice of doom, the final damnation of those who had not heeded the "Great Report." Beside Cassidy, in the grey throng, a tobacco merchant wept tears of futile repentance.

Then came the sickening runaway-elevator tumble through chaos. Cassidy came to and found himself prostrate on a great heap of ashes and old cigarette butts. A box of matches was clutched in his right hand. Anxiously, he began to plough around in the debris, when above him in the murk appeared one of Satan's handmaidens (she bore a startling resemblance to Judy LaMarsh!).

"Look!" cried Cassidy, sweeping an arm over his surroundings: "All these butts have been smoked right down to the filter! There's probably not enough tobacco in the whole lot to make one single puff!"

"I know!", was the fiendish, reply. "That's the Hell of it!" And with a sardonic whinny of diabolic laughter, she emptied the contents of a huge ashtray over Cassidy's head.

Cassidy awoke in terror; he found he was out of matches, and he had to sit, shivering in the kitchen, cigarette trembling in his lips, while the burner on the electric stove heated up.

The old doctor stood by the window, in the pale, dirty-yellow light of a winter afternoon, his eyes troubled—he never knew how to tell them. He turned towards the bed as the long, rasping spasm of coughs wore to its temporary conclusion.

He looked down into the haggard, red-rimmed eyes and read there the question to which their owner now divined the answer. "I'm sorry," he said, quietly, and looked away.

"We've done all we can." Such a futile, empty phrase, he thought, and yet somehow he'd always felt compelled to say it.

At the door, he paused to complete his duty: "If there's anything we can do to make you more comfortable . . ."

Promptly, from the bed, came Cassidy's hoarse, hushed voice: "Doc, have you got a match?"

The little knot of people began to break up and drift back down the green slope, threading between the rows of cool, polished stones. From behind the budding lilac bush where he had kept watch throughout the ceremony, Old John heard the last door slam, saw the last long, black car vanished down the road into the trees.

Now he arose and ambled up the rise. Carefully, he moved the flowers aside, pausing to read the card which fluttered from one of the wreaths. He dragged the green cover away from the waiting mound of earth, stepped around, and turned the switch that sent the coffin gliding silently down on its oiled rollers.

"I'll only be a few minutes, Governor," he assured, "Then you can have the place all to yourself." Back from the box came the unmistakable sound of a match being scraped across the inside of the lid, and just as the box settled in its final location, a whisp of pale grey smoke seeped out from one of the dimly gleaming brass hinges.

"Well, right you are, Guv; think I'll join you." Old John placed a brown stub of cigarette to his lips and curled a flame about its tip, smiled amiably down into the gloom, and reached for his shovel.

L'ATTO HOLISTIC

By Lilia Chemolli

cool moistness hovers on the cove weeds
the wetness increases and settles over all
the tide billows in the distance
and
approaches the bay
it surges and swells, no longer a ripple
with strength the breakers
beat
upon the reef
until the jet becomes a flood in the harbour
after the deluge subsides
a trickle
shows the momentous
destruction

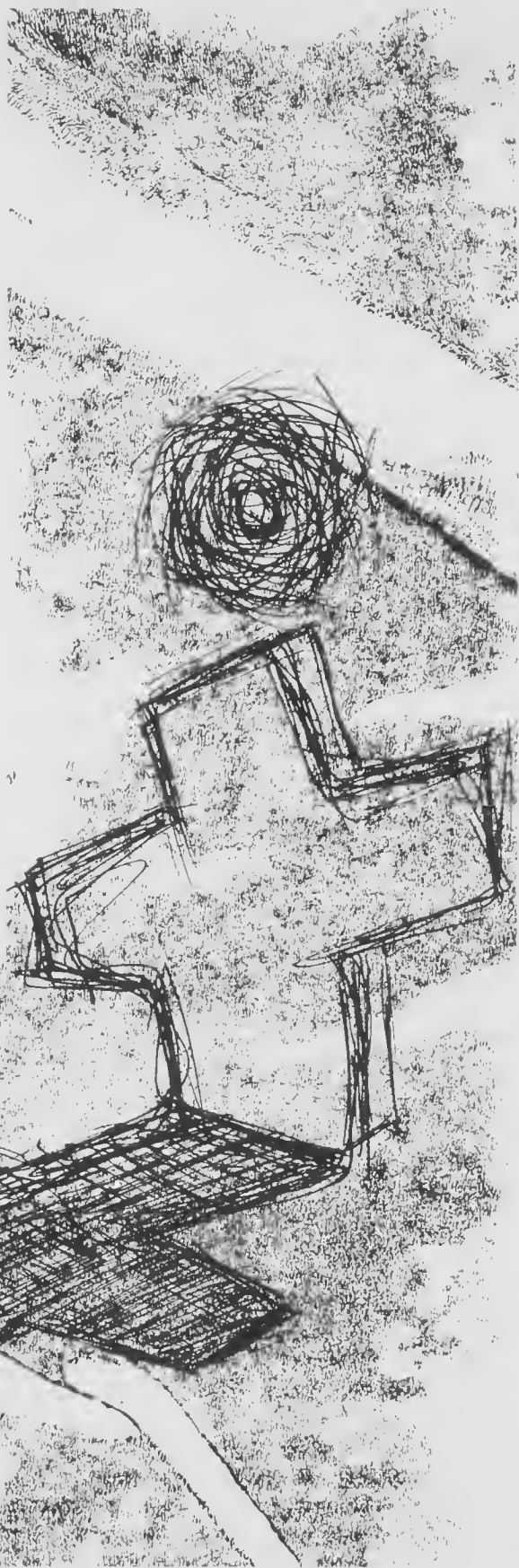
In Italian, "l'atto" means "the act".

POEM IN TWO STANZAS

By Elan Galper

*Over a graveyard of grayness gods
A crapulous, wombless, bleach-blonde Idoleess:
Her face in cement is styled with a fixed frown,
Her breasts ooze alcohol and faithless promises,
Fecal soot is spewn from her navel
As she belches with shrieking 8:00 A.M. whistles;
Her heart is a clockwork of gnashing gears,
And in her viens, green printed paper
(—"More! More! More!")
Flows like frenzied erythrocytes.
Her glaring, empty glass-pane eyes
Scorn Man being sucked and smothered
By her sepulchral vulva, and as
He writhes in pain, a soulless gray militia
Of millions of other insects, coldly rushes by
(—"Faster! Faster! Faster!")
To immolate itself in her stygian cathedral
Where the organ music of trailers, trains and trucks,
And the psalms of the ticker-tape,
Mixed with the incense of carbon monoxide . . .*

*But the Spring will come:
The Soul will return and blow a new life
In the despondent, dry bones of Man;
And in the white lilies of Love,
Bannered high on all the yew trees,
The Idoleess will find her tomb.*



INSIDE OUT

Dear Cumaean Sybil,

I've often wondered about the term "intelligence." One encounters it so often. There are the intelligent people, and there are the "others". Naturally, it varies—the Who's Who of it all—as one talks with various people, or is talked to by them, as is usually the case in this type of simplified, object-conscious conversation.

And this leads to elites of various types. "I know the In-group" chirped a chap in one of my classes. . . .

I find myself encountering, via the editorship of a "literary magazine", many curious persons, and thoroughly absurd situations. The groups, the hierarchies, the people whose names are known. You name them, everyone is in the dropping game!

There are, of course, obvious establishments, the Gold Key Society for example. Do you want to Be Somebody? Drink up, Push hard, and you'll be rewarded. I compared it, in my vice-presidential campaign of last year—a thing perhaps better forgotten—to an organization which used polished carrots to tantalize our most willing jockasses, thus producing an extra-curricular egg race for the Top. The glories of the Group!

But there are all sorts of, shall I say, fraternities. Some of us, at seventeen, or twenty-two, or whatever age we are; want very much to be "intellectuals". This is always a more implicit, and I feel, more destructive sort of aspiration, as it usually results in a perversion of what we pretend to be doing with our minds.

The tendency is to say more than we know, and to acquire and to advertise our sophistication, talent, sensitivity (that's really In, by the way) and of course, our "intelligence". I've seen more salesmanship being done in conversations on any given art (or science) than at a horse-auction. And I've been at a few of both. Move over, Willie Loman, for Brett Brack, writer!

Then pity, if you dare, the pretty people. The glib girls and babbling boys, effusive and esoteric in the extreme.

And snobbery proves itself at every level. It's absurd for the "Arty crowd" to throw brickbats at the "frat-types" who can accuse the "Aggies" of having no suave (pronounced swave!); or for me to damn those soulless scientists who don't read INSIDE. I'd like to meet a university student. I don't know as I have . . .

Advocate then, a psuedo-renaissance scholar, devoutly canting in his closet. Not really, but — and but again. Advocate questions, not answers!

I am curious as to the social values of many people I've met. In my "capacity", I've been patronized and insulted by people I don't even know. This is extremely distasteful to encounter, and all because I'm sitting on rung n of some ladder that does not exist. Or maybe it's because I know so many "intelligent" people.

I have met people whom I have admired, and loved, for their unsolicited courtesy.

I do know several personalities. It's too bad. Many people are wasting their time at this sort of thing.

And to our aspirant personalities, I have a suggestion. Forget those names you heard. Put away your shiny eyes and teeth. Pause to feel the wind, but don't be so concerned with sniffing the breeze.

It doesn't fool anyone.

Respectfully, Patricia Hughes.

This editorial column is based on some of the popular images of this university. If you disagree with it, you will have to disagree with them. We hope that you do. INSIDE includes itself in this unreal pastiche, and the language of the column itself, suggests what we protest.
